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deformed, not only in art but in life? And shall we choose our great Civil War President as the victim of this humbug and thus inflict a second martyrdom on him by exposing him—with an execrable and hypocritical *ecce homo!* to the ridicule of mankind?

Such a project might logically come from the desperadoes of the I. W. W. but the movement is incomprehensible when made by representative Americans, for it means in art what anarchy means in life—a revolt against even that limited authority

which common-sense or the cosmic urge teach even to the bees and ants and all constructive insects. They all live and work according to some collective system calling for social restraints under a rigid authority. Flies, mosquitoes and other destructive insects are the "individualists" and anarchists of insect life.

The anarchy in Russia presents an object lesson to America that should serve as a warning not to tolerate the propaganda of the Bolshivikii either in life or art.

FRENCH'S "DEATH AND THE YOUNG SCULPTOR"

(See frontispiece and pages 91 and 92)

NEARLY a quarter century has passed since Daniel French designed a composition in very high relief for the tomb of Martin Milmore, a young sculptor of great promise whose career was suddenly cut short by death. Since that date it would be difficult to find a piece of modern sculpture in any country that surpasses "Death and the Young Sculptor" in beauty, majesty and tenderness—all qualities, in truth, that we have a right to demand in the monument of a youth of genius.

It is this composition which has been chosen for the frontispiece in the November issue, translated through the woodcut into black and white by Timothy Cole.

Often it has been remarked by genial generalizers that Anglo-Saxons are particularly prone to funereal subjects in their literature and art. They instance the large number of melancholy pictures to be seen in London at the successive Royal Academy shows, widows leaning over tombs beneath the sobbing willow, and the number of lacrimose ballads that Britons of a former generation seem to have preferred to happier efforts at meetings intended to be festive. Be that as it may—for one might instance in France and Italy and Spain something similar if not exactly parallel, viz.: a kind of fury in the demand for pictures of Christian martyrs truly horrible in their realism—in any event, the rule does not apply to America, perhaps because optimism has had a chance to burgeon and bloom on our favored soil unchastened by the waves of ever-recurrent wars.

In this one among the comparatively rare cases where death is the subject, this one so poetically treated by the sculptor French, observe with what dignity and sweetness the ugly theme is treated: how the angel of death advances without anger or vindictiveness or haste, nay, with a maternal kindliness to arrest the hand of the young sculptor and how the youth himself is not struck at all with horror, but receives the summons with a kind of childlike surprise. Some of the Etruscan grave reliefs give the opposite note of fierceness and violence in the face and gesture of the summoner—a fiend armed with an axe—whereas we see grave-stones of Greeks in which calmness and composure and an almost smiling acquiescence in fate are the notes.

One may say of the Milmore memorial that it is not Christian in any specific sense, nor is it heathen

in that it might reflect any non-Christian or barbarian religion; if any parallel holds, it would be better to call it in spirit Greek. The sculptor when young was a fellow-townsmen and friend of Emerson, who found a great deal more of his spiritual nutrition among the Greek classical writers than he did in the Bible, and very naturally deserted the pulpit for the lecture platform as soon as he became convinced that the forms under which Christianity existed in his day and locality were unsuited to his genius. There is much of the urbanity and kindly wisdom of Emerson in the view of death presented here—nothing violent or lacrimose or revolutionary, no trace of the natural human revulsion from the idea of losing life, but also no suggestion of the promise of a further existence in a world superior to our own.

Another trait that is Greek is the impersonal quality of the young man. In no sense a portrait, the figure does not represent Martin Milmore but a generic sculptor; it would fit the tomb of any youth devoted to the art who should be prematurely parted from life. There is great advantage to the spiritual side of the work in this freedom from the trammels of portraiture. It is well-known that in the palmy days of Greek sculpture the artists, when they made portraits of successful athletes and generals, were not so anxious to get a literal likeness as a statue that expressed character. As late as Lysippos, to whom Alexander the Great decreed a monopoly of sculptured portraits of himself, the aim was not an exact representation of a person at a stated age but an epitome of the sitter's mind or personality—the inner rather than the outer man.

To show some of French's later work one of the seated figures for the pylons of the Manhattan Bridge across the East River, New York, is seen on page 92. It is the figure representing the Borough of Manhattan wearing a turreted crown, holding in her lap a winged globe to signify Commerce and having by her side the sun's bridal bird, the emblem of Juno, the peacock famed for its sun-wheel, its harsh voice and ugly feet. Does the Puritan in French here rise up and insinuate by symbols that the tribes of Manhattan are sinful in their pride? Or does he take that beauteous bird merely because the slope of its long neck and tail provides an agreeable curve to follow along the lines that run by head, shoulder and left arm from top to bottom of the composition? Those seated figures of

royal mien at the Manhattan end of the bridge recall the four groups by French which guard the approaches to the custom house from the Bowling Green, Manhattan.

To show the sculptor in livelier, more buoyant, gayer view the bronze for the Trask monument at Saratoga is here repeated—the winged nymph of health-giving—Hygieia as winged Messenger and Victory holding the cup of healing in uplifted left and brandishing in her right a branch of aromatic

pine. It is called "The Spirit of Life." Fair of line and charming in its purity this figure represents one field of French's work. Another is that of equestrian war monuments such as the Washington in Paris, the Grant in Philadelphia, the Hooker in Boston, etc. It would take too long to tabulate all the groups, statues, monuments and reliefs produced by French; they are surprising by their many-sidedness, fecundity of imagination and rapidity of execution.

GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM AN EARLY PAINTER OF MISSOURI

(See pages 95 to 98)

THE old American Art Union of New York was an organization that endeavored to popularize the work of American painters long before the photograph and half-tone filled periodicals with reproductions. Some time during the more or less "roaring" forties of the last century the Art Union held its annual competition and the prize was awarded to George Caleb Bingham, very much of a Missourian though born in Virginia. The Art Union acquired the picture and having had it engraved by T. Doney distributed it to its members. This was the spirited "Jolly Flatboatmen" now in the Mercantile Library of St. Louis, of which a reproduction is given on page 98. A replica was made by the artist after he had been to Düsseldorf and had returned to take an active part in the Civil War on the Union side, and become a politician in Missouri after a fashion rare enough in the annals of American art.

Born in Virginia in 1811, the boy Bingham was taken by his parents to Missouri in 1819 and grew up in a very lively settler community where art was at a discount. Despite his surroundings George Bingham, while he worked as a carpenter, indulged himself in attempts at portraiture and finally resolved to make that his career. He went to Washington, the straggling capital of the nation with its wide, muddy and grass-grown avenues, and set up a tent near the Capitol with a sign out, which informed the world that here was a man who made portraits, was in fact an *artist* ready to draw or paint likenesses. He was an alert, ready-witted fellow, prepared to discuss religion and politics with the next comer and even tackle art, if anybody cared to broach so remote a topic! A very staid old gentleman used to stop at the tent, but not to be portrayed—O, no—just to discuss religion. The young Missourian did not dream of accepting dictation in religious matters from his elderly and precise visitor; discussion would be violent on his part, insistent and dictatorial on that of the old gentleman. Finally he discovered that this was John Quincy Adams! but all the same he got him for a sitter, and after that it was Daniel Webster and Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson; it was Breckenridge and James Buchanan whom he portrayed with a hard but vigorous and truthful *factura*. Doubtless all these heroes enjoyed his fearless and racy talk, some of them perhaps perceiving his homespun qualities as an artist, but all amused by his downright phrase and happy volu-

bility—no mean weapons in the quiver of a portrait painter, for it is sure to wake the sitter up and keep him from nodding, vivify his face and make him smile or scowl.

Bingham had beetling brows, a handsome straight nose, a firm wide mouth and abundant locks; also a high broad forehead. Though short and slender, he was naturally pugnacious and his speech when excited reached a picturesqueness that struck most of his opponents dumb; he was a fighter. What he did to those good, easy-going art-students at Düsseldorf on the Rhine when he got there in 1856 must be left to the imagination. He was just the man to consider it an outrage that those Dutchies had no English, and expected him—from Missoura! to learn their blankety-blank lingo! Pity that we have no record from a contemporary art student of the conduct of this peppery little outlander while sojourning in that sleepy, but delightful home of the arts along the lower Rhine!

While in Europe the Paris firm of Goupil reproduced a number of his pictures, but the plates were destroyed by the Communards when the firm's premises were ruined in 1871. He also obtained a commission to paint the portrait of the celebrated writer and naturalist Alexander von Humboldt. Where is that portrait? The one in New York belonging to the Museum of Natural History was painted by Schröder of Berlin for Mr. H. O. Havemeyer in 1859. Perhaps the order to Bingham came from St. Louis.

Bingham was not only a prolific maker of portraits in his own region, but has left most valuable *genre* pictures of life from Kansas and Missouri before and after the Civil War. He was a politician and a partisan, took to the war as a duck to water, became a Brigadier-General and a professor of art in the State University—not to speak of his experience as Police Commissioner in Kansas City, where he harried the breakers of law with a small but heavy hand. Politics inflamed him. Is it surprising that he attempted such difficult subjects as "Listening to the Wilmot Proviso," "Soliciting a Vote," "Stump Speaking" and "Announcing the Result of the Election"? What is surprising is that he got away with it, and after his own fashion did manage to convey to us a very distinct idea of such events and scenes on the popular side of our government by ballot. But he also evoked from the not so distant past the scene of "Daniel Boone Emigrating from Kentucky," putting into it a



BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE

"DEATH AND THE YOUNG SCULPTOR"



"HYGIEIA"

BRONZE FOUNTAIN FIGURE FOR THE TRASK MONUMENT, SARATOGA

BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

(See page 93)



"NEW YORK"

SYMBOLIC STATUE IN GRANITE—ONE OF TWO DECORATING THE BROOKLYN APPROACHES OF MANHATTAN BRIDGE, NEW YORK
BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH
(See opposite page)